

# Nothing Much To Do

## Muscadine Bloodline

County was dry when we grew up  
We had a buddy with a beard and a truck a fake ID  
Seventeen  
Marshall Tucker and Marlboro Reds  
Baseball caps and lettermans  
Took State that year  
We were kings 'round here  
When that small town shut down  
'Bout the time we'd head out

Back when we were back roads  
Just a-livin' our lives  
Like the songs on the radio  
We were doin' it right  
I don't know where the time goes  
It's amazing what we got ourselves into  
When there wasn't nothin' much to do

Homecoming Queens and three-and-outs  
Post-game hangs at the Huddle House  
Talkin' 'bout what we would do when we got out  
Oh, but what I wouldn't give right now

To be back when we were back roads  
Just a-livin' our lives  
Like the songs on the radio  
We were doin' it right  
I don't know where the time goes  
It's amazing what we got ourselves into  
When there wasn't nothin' much to do

We grew up and we slowed down  
Some moved on, some stuck around  
I just want one more go around

Back when we were back roads  
Just a-livin' our lives  
Like the songs on the radio  
We were doin' it right  
Yeah, back when we were back roads  
Just a-livin' our lives  
Like the songs on the radio  
We were doin' it right  
I don't know where the time goes  
It's amazing what we got ourselves into  
When there wasn't nothin' much to do